The woful Complaint and Lamentable

Death of a Forsaken Lover. *To plesant New Tune.*

DOwn by a Forrest as I did pass,
To see a sight what sports there was,
Walking by a pleasant Spring
The Birds in sundry notes did sing.

Long time I wandered here and there,
To see what sports in Forrest were,
At length I heard one make great moan,
Saying from me all joys are gone.

I gave good heed unto the same,
Musing from whence this Eccho came,
And by no means I could devise.
From whence this sorrowful sound did rise.

But in that place I did remain,
Until I heard it once again;
Where presently I heard one say,
O death come take my life away.

I looked down on my right hand,
A sort of pleasant Trees did stand,
And under them I did behold,
A pleasant place, with shadows cold.

A sumptuous Seat was in the same;
Musing from whence this Eccho came:
Then in this place I did perceive
A Gentleman most fine and brave.

And from that place he did come down,
Calling from him his Morning Gown,
Walking up and down that place,
Methought a proper man he was.

Thus to himself he did lament,
Wishing to God his days were spent;
His torments did increase so sore,
His heart was able to bear no more.

I went into a hollow Tree,
Because I would his passion see;
With folded armes, looking to th' Skies,
The tears, alas, stood in his eyes.

And cares of his life he seem'd,
Pitty he was no more esteem'd,
Then down he lay upon the ground,
No ease of sorrow could be found.

Thus he lamented in woful case,
Seven long years within few days;
Saying while I live, I must remain,
And find no help to ease my pain.

For she that should my griefs remove,
She doth disdain to be my love;
And hath done so, since she did hear
That I to her good will did bear.

Be Gods above come ease my pain,
Sith heavy grief doth it constrain
For while my Days remain on earth,
She'll shew the causes of my death.

And every Tree that here doth stand,
Shall be ingraven with my hand,
That they long time may Witness bear,
Love was the cause that I dy'd here.

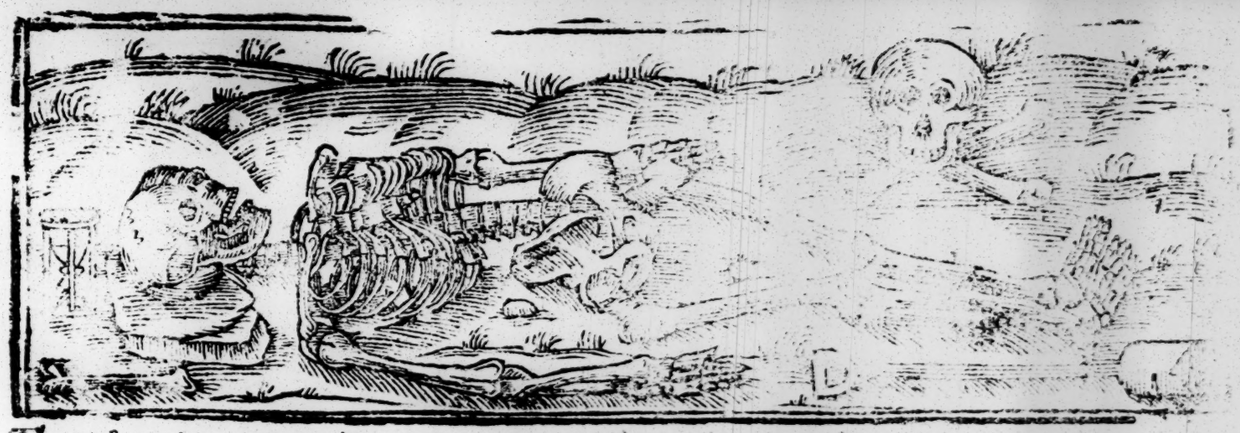
Nature to her did so much right,
And in as many Vertues dight,
Scorning to take the help of art,
As ever did embrace a heart.

Being so good, so truly dy'd
Some for less were Deify'd;
Full of pitty as she may be,
And yet perhaps not so to me.

When first I saw her pleasant face,
Methought a pleasant sight it was;
Her beauty took my wits away,
I knew not how one word to say,

A Gentleman took her to Dance,
She gallantly her self did prance;
And kept her steps all in due time,
Which made me wish she had been mine.

But when I thought she'd been mine own,
Then was she furthest from me flown;
She gave no ear unto my cry.
Which makes me here in sorrow dye.



[illegible] by,
[illegible] my pain I often find,
[illegible] hopes I am beguil'd,
While makes me walk the woods so wild.
Mong'st Trees I make my moan,
The birds and beasts did hear my groan;
Yet she that could my sorrows remove,
Disdain'd to cast to me the love,
My love to her was constant pure,
And to my end shall so endure;
And I to her I hope will find
A gentle wind before her end.
I have forsaken friends and Kin,
Shy days to end these Woods within,
My pleasures past I now forsake,
And of the world my leave I take.
Bear witness Heaven of my grief,
To ease my heart, send some relief;
Fair maids unto your Loves be true,
If they first be good, change not for a new.
O young men all be warn'd by me,
Give not too much on womens beauty;
Lest that you be so fettered fast,
You cannot be releast at last.
Some womens wiles are too much known,
In love once changing stick to none;
They swear they love you with their heart,
When tongue and mind are both a part.
My love to her I did reveal,
And nothing from her did conceal;
Though at first she seemed coy,
She said I was her only joy.
And none but I her love should have,
What need I any more to crave?
But Boggard like, she me abus'd,
Another taken and I refus'd.
When he did bewail his sorrows long,
He took his Lute that by him hung;

[illegible] and [illegible] people,
While there upon these words he spake:
O Death when will that hour come,
That I have waited for so long?
For while I live, I languish still,
Finding no help to ease my ill.
Then quite he flung his Lute away,
And took his Sword that by him lay.
Says oft hast thou been thy maidens friend,
And now thou must his tormentor end.
He gave true Sentence in that place,
To end his life in woful case,
The hilt he struck into the ground,
And gave himself a deadly wound.
Then unto him I ran again,
But O alas it was in vain:
For long before to him I came,
His Death he had upon the same.
I found his Grave was ready made,
Wherein I thought he should be laid:
And in that place I laid him down,
And over spread his Morning Gown.
Over his Grave his Sword I laid.
Whereby his death he had receiv'd,
Upon his Lute a Peal I rung,
And by the place his Lute I hung,
Then I beheld on every Tree
Her name that was his only joy:
Which long before his face did stand,
Because she got the upper hand.
This Maiden that did all this wrong,
To live a Maid thought it o're long?
But married was to such a one,
As daily made her sigh and groan.
Her cozens to her former love,
Disloyal now doth truly prove;
Take heed fair Maidens for you see,
Wrongs always will revenged be.

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